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LETTER From the FACETIOUS Dr. Andrew Tripe AT BATH,

To his Loving Brother

The *Profound GRESHAMITE*,

SHEWING,

That the SCRIBENDI CACOETHES is a *Distemper*
arising from a *Redundancy* of BILIOSE SALTS,
and not to be *Eradicated* but by a *Diurnal*
Course of OYLS and VOMITS.

With an APPENDIX concerning the
Application of SOCRATES his Clyster,

AND

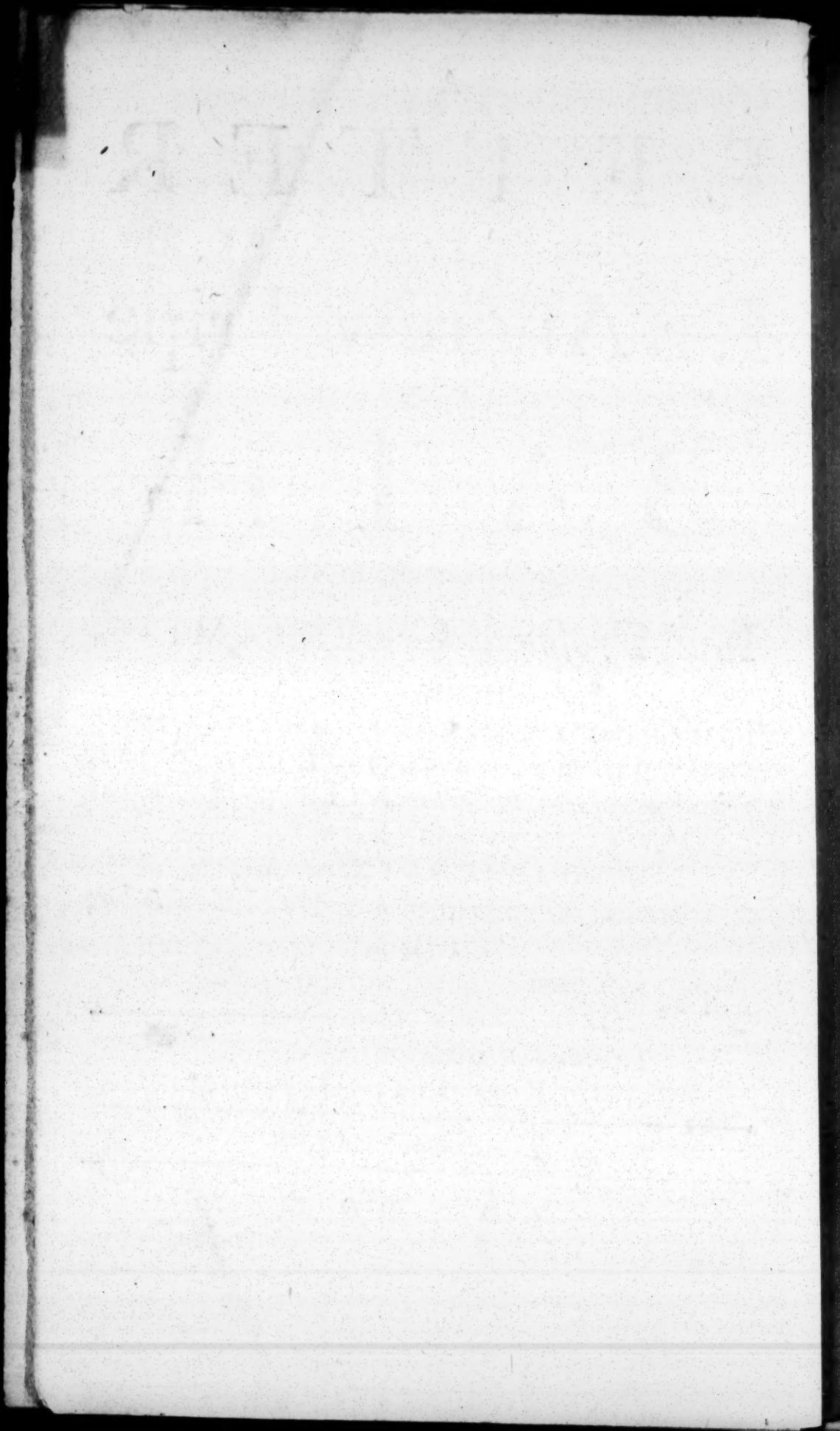
The Use of Clean Linnen in Controversy.

Tantundem dat Tantidem.

ROBINSON de HETEROCLITIS.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N,
Printed for J. Morphew near Stationers-Hall, 1719.
Price Six Pence.





SIR,

AMONG the many Authors, *conversant with the Art of Physick*, there are none certainly better qualify'd either for the Theory, or Practice, than those who have had a thorough Insight in the *Linnen, or the Woollen Manufacture*: and, as this is a Study wherein the *Ancients* were entirely defective, and in a Manner peculiar to our Country, 'tis no Wonder that the *State of Physick and Diseases* has, for some Centuries, been in such a languishing Condition. For Foreigners are not only incapable of attaining this Knowledge, but those of our own Countrymen, are sent to the Universities, where they run a Wild-Goose Chase thro' the several Arts and Sciences, which serve rather to

perplex and confound our *Cogitation*, than to instruct and inform it.

For my Part, as the first Rudiments of our Knowledge were laid in that *Great Metropolis*, where you now reside, and, as we commenc'd Philosophers and Physicians in the *Shop*, I cannot sufficiently applaud the Advantages of an Education, which has made us so considerable in our *Profession*. I wish indeed, I had made the same Improvements as your self, tho', I thank my Stars, I am tolerably respected, when I appear in Publick, and deliver my *Salutiferous Arcana* to the Multitude. But the *Linnen Literati* were always the *Politeſt Gentlemen*, and had the Advantage of our *Wollen Sect*, by their Conversation with the Ladies, and the Gaiety of their Behaviour. And as to you, Dear Dr. you have exceeded the most Sanguine of our Expectation, and the most accomplish'd *Professor* of the Trade: Your modest Familiarity, your languishing unaffected Air, your *humil Cringe*, as *Milton* expresses himself, and your harmonious Elocution are inimitable, and cannot chuse but gain a Multitude of Patients, and a Multiplicity of Applause, while the *Protervity* of the Scholars Countenance affrights the Distemper and *reverts it upon the Habit*. Thus

Thus, the fine Gentleman being blended with the Physician, like the *bilioſe Salts* throughout an healthy Constitution by a due Proportion, a Man is form'd equally either for Pleasure or for Busines ; and, I will be bold to say, you are full as capable of carrying on an Affair of Gallantry, or diving into the Politicks of the Cabinet, as of prescribing either a *Clyſter* or a *Vomit*. A great Genius is no more to be smother'd, than the *Subterranean Fire* to be extinguiſh'd by the *Abyſſ of Water* in your *Theory* ; and, had you still continu'd your *prior Occupation*, I don't doubt but you would have made as bright a Figure in the *Court of Aldermen*, and at the *Summit of City Honours*, as you do now in the *Profession*, and the *Greshamites* would have receiv'd as much Encouragement from your Authority, as they do emolument from your Lectures.

But, besides the many Qualifications that *these Kind of Studies* instill into us, there is one that must be allow'd to be more ſubſtantial, and to compleat us for the Steerage of the Life of Man. For, by looking into and comparing the various Weavings and Ramifications of the Threads of *Muſlin* or *Holland*, the different and ſurprizing Texture, as well as manifold Interſections, of the

the *Capillary Vessels*, may be deduced, and an agreeable *Rationale* of the Mechanism of our Frame demonstrated, in a Manner something new to those of an *Academical Education*. Hence it was Dr. Baynard stil'd you, Sir *Tiffany Steezy, the Muslin Man**; a Propriety of Expression that will bear the Tortures of the severest *Criticism*. For, however the World have commonly mistook him, That Gentleman, you know, was well acquainted with your Extensive Observations and Abilities; He was truly sensible that nothing but *Kighthood* could be the Recompence of your *Merit*, and that 'twould be as becoming, and sit as easie on you, as on any of the *Faculty* who enjoy it.

But now, Sir, I am upon the Subject of our youthful Studies and Enquiries, give me leave to remember what useful Experiments we have made, what excellent Hints and Speculations have been started and improved by Us, in Places entirely obscure, *in Coal-Holes*, *in Cellars*, and *behind the Counter*, and oftentimes when we were *Cleaning Shoes*, *paring Floors*, or doing the most servile Offices of Life.

Nor

* Vide. *History of Cold Bathing*.

Nor need we be ashamed to acknowledge our *Original* as such, we ought rather to Glory that we are raised from such Obscurity and Dirt, and that by our *Merit* too, to despise and ride our *Contemporaries*, and to dictate Physick to our *Inferiors*. The Beautiful Goddess *Venus* her self, according to the *Poets* Fiction, bears some Analogy to our present Circumstances, and proceeded as they tell Us, from the very *Froth* and *Scum* of the Ocean.

Tho' the *Cleaning of Shoes* may be accounted the meanest Drudgery of *Septennial Servitude*, yet we found out, you may remember, a Method of making even that Office, serviceable to our selves and to Mankind, and of drawing proper Inferences and Deductions from the Mechanism of that *Suppeditory Machine*. For, as this gave us a true Idea of the Ligaments and Tendons, and of some of the Articulations of the Bones, so the Porosity of the Leather, and the Suction of the Particles of *Oyl and Size*, inform'd us also, of the Use of *Oyls and Unctious Remedies*, of the Doctrine of Transpiration, and how the *Ventricle* and other Viscera and Yessels were capable of Distension.

Certain

Certain it is, tho', I must confess I cannot well Account for it, that we Think and Reason with a Sedateness more *calm* and *undisturb'd*, in Vaults and Caverns, and other *subterranean Cottages*, than when Elevated above the Surface of the Earth. Whether the different *Strata* being wonderfully displayed by that great Author of our Nature, as you formerly observed, the Contemplation of them may not chequer our Imagination with various Images and Idea's; or whether a Man, being nothing else than a *Tree revers'd*, and his Head the Root of him, as some Philosophers have *opin'd*, it is not probable that, when we place him among his fellow Vegetables, his *Cogitation* may sprout and vegetate in Proportion to them. But, whether or no I am right in my Conjectures, 'tis however to me a Demonstration, that our *quondam* Conversation, especially in the *Mineral and Fossil Regions*, made our Mode of Thinking more *Mechanical in the Strictest Sense*, than any of those Conferences in *Christ-Church* could have done, which the late *Commentator* upon *Hippocrates* mentions in his Preface. *Dionysius Longinus* had probably never hit the $\pi\epsilon\rho\pi\dot{\iota}\sigma\tau\omega\zeta$ had he not been let into this Secret; nor would the Coal-

Heaver

Heaver have produced his Medicine for the *Gout*, had he been entirely unacquainted with the Dignity of those *Fossils*: Nor, after all, would the Incomprehensible Dr. *W—d's* Language have exceeded the *Criticism* of the First, or his Practice the *Nostrum* of the Latter, even in the same Distemper, had not his under-ground Obscurity, in the First of Life, exalted his *Cogitation* and his *Pharmacy* to such a Pitch.

'Tis Universally agreed, Sir, that your late Performance is unanswerable ; but your Dexterity, in the Art of Writing *Prefaces*, is such, that, as *Aristotle* drew the Laws of Epic Poetry from the Model of the Sublime *Homer*, so never any *Preface* for the Future will be look'd upon as a *Perfect Piece* that borrows not its Sanction from your Standard. For, without entering into a detail of the several Allusions and Conjectures that have been hitherto advanced, there is this *use* undoubtedly in those *forerunners of large Volumes*, that a Man may commend himself in them, without being guilty of the *least Grain of Vanity*, which if he once Attempts in the Body of a Performance, his Character is lost to all Intents and Purposes. How, far, Sir, You have been happy in doing

this sort of Justice to your self, I shall leave the World to judge ; sure I am that whoever would learn the *Artifice* of alluring and captivating his Reader, must Place, like You, an * *Aphorism* in the very Threshold of his *Preface* and take Occasion to insinuate that it requires a *Person of vast Capacity and Abilities* to discuss a Subject of such Consequence.

When he has thus imposed his Veracity, and great Character, upon the Reader, it may not be improper to apprehend the *Cavil and Censure of the Vehement and Clamorous*, but to thank God, at the same Time, that the *Love of Virtue and of Good*, is *vastly Superior to such Obstacles*. After this, he should proceed to talk a little of the Pleasure that Attends the Pursuit and Discovery of useful Truths and concerning the *Probation of the Wise and Honest*, being an over-ballance to the Perplexities and Toils a Philosopher may meet with.

If his Work is design'd to be *Polemic*, and he has Occasion to be severe upon the Ignorance and Errors of his *Contemporaries*,

* They only, who are conversant with the Sick and with Diseases, have Opportunity of finding out and of supplying the Defects that there are in the Art of Physick.
Vide Preface.

raries, his *Preface* should be then a sort of Surety for his good Behaviour, wherein he must Promise a *Civil Comportment* towards all his Adversaries, and that he will be no more Satirical upon them, than the Nature of the Subject, or his own Nature, shall incline him.

These Things being duly and artfully premised, he should then expatiate on the *Design* of his Treatise, on the *Occasion* and *Time* of writing it, whose *Approbation* he has had, whether *Foreigners* or *Natives*, and in what Manner he intends to prosecute his belov'd *Hypothesis*; and, as he draws towards a Conclusion, it may not be amiss, first Negatively, to drop an Hint or two concerning the Meaness of those Authors who have a View to *private Interest*, which he utterly renounces and abjures; and then positively to affirm, whenever his *Affairs will give him Leisure and Opportunity*, he will publish something more Voluminous, and consequently more Learned.

Pardon me, Sir, that I pretend to comment on these Things, for I entirely agree with you, that your *Work speaks for it self*, and in such a Manner too, that I'll defy all the Universities in the World to produce an Author, who can speak or write on Notions, so intricate and refin'd,

in a Style so suitable, and so well adapted to the Truth of them.

Your Profession of *so stoical a Temper*, and that you can *comport with Misrepresentation, Cavil and Censure*, is altogether right; nor is such an Instance of Forgiveness any manner of Discount on the Character of your *Courage*, which is so far from being Oftentious, or Turbulent in Publick, that, like a true *Hero*, your *Sword* was never drawn but in a *private Chamber*, before the Face of an *Apothecary* or a *Nurse*, and in Opposition to the *Contradiction* of a *Dying Patient*.

The *State of Physick*, let your Enemies say what they will, is so corrupted, and so contrary to its original Design, that a Man of common Sense, *without any Affectation of Singularity, or Study of Innovation*, must be convinc'd that a *Reformation* is highly necessary and expedient. *Steel, and some other Medicines in great Vogue*, ought to be treated with Severity, and as Enemies to the Publick; some should be *incarcerated* with proper Mixtures; and others again should be distinguish'd according to their *real Merit*.

Medicine formerly, like the Times it flourished in, was rude and barbarous, and

and terrible to the Patient ; but now a *Vomit*, elegantly superintended by your Vigilance and Conduct, appears with a Noble Apparatus, attended with a Variety of Equipage, and with *Plumes of Feathers* of the greatest Gaiety ; so that the Ladies seem to chuse it as much for their Diver-
sion, as for dispersing the *Colluctations of the Bile*. And I cannot but think that if a *Purge* could be administred with as much *Decorum*, it would be of admirable Use both to ourselves and to the Patient. For the Attaining therefore this so desirable an End, I shall publish speedily a *Treatise*, dedicated to your self, wherein I propose the Model of a *Close-stool*, in the Manner of a *Spinster*, to open it self, or to con-tract, according to the various Dimen-sions and Latitude of *Human Buttocks*. For it has been a General Mistake in the Structure of this Instrument of *Ease*, and in which the *Joyner*, I suppose, might be the only Man consulted, to make the *Orifices* of them all nearly equal in Dia-meter. I have contrived likewise that the Body shall be placed in such a Posture as to give the *Diaphragm* and *Muscles of the Abdomen* the Liberty of acting without those *Contortions of Countenance* which fre-quently accompany that Exercise. I have added further some proper Decorations

on

on the outside of this *Important Engine* ; as also a convenient quantity of *Paper*, and *Linnen*, and the Leaves of *Trees* and *Herbs* to be ranged in *Order*, and apply'd to the *Anus*, according to the *Exigency* of the *Case*, or the *Nature* of the *Particles* that flow from us. And if the People of Condition would use either *Oyl* with these Materials, or an *Oyl-Skin* it-self, the *Biliose Salts* would be *bridled*, as you observe, and *rendred less Pungent* and *Offensive* to our *Posteriors*.

Exegi Monumentum Ære perennius.

Such an admirable Invention, will, I flatter my self, *my dearest Greshamite*, so far establish my Reputation, that honourable Mention will be made of me, your *Fellow Labourer in this Science*, at the same Time, and in the same Annals of *Physick*, which transmit your Improvements to Posterity, Surely, after *Qualities* so conspicuous, no one will have the Insolence to say of either of Us, that we have not done one good *Thing*, advanced one useful *Truth*, or one single *Proposition of Service in Human Life*.

But that there may be no *Occasional Conformity* in this *Medicinal Republic*, and that every one may think alike, you have provided

vided wisely an *Universal Principle*, which may be as easily believ'd as understood.

The *Travels of the Biliose Salts* throughout the various Territories of this little World of *Man*, are particularly described by You, and seem a very proper Subject for a *Poem*. For the Variety of the *Story*, the Multitude of *Episodes*, and the many *Conflicts and Encounters* they are engaged in, as they'll make it highly entertaining and delightful; so the *Probable* is carried thro' the Whole, with such *Extravagant Success*, that even a bare *Translation* of it, by an Hand like Mr. Cotton's, would make the *Wonders of the Bile*, as remarkable as the *Wonders of the Peake*.

The *Druids*, the *Pythagoreans*, and all the *Ancient Sages*, instill'd their Precepts into their Disciples by digesting them into *Metre*, and the Authors of *Propria quæ Maribus, Quæ Genus, &c.* whom all the Learned in our Nation must have the greatest Veneration for, have succeeded, we find, in later Times by this Stratagem.

But notwithstanding I am of Opinion that the Strength of your Arguments would be better enforc'd in *Melody and Rhime*, yet, as they stand in *Prose*, they are cogent and powerfull enough to convince such as are not entirely Unbelievers. For there

there are in your *Hypothesis* some Notions that you have revived from the best Authors of Antiquity, others which Nobody ever thought of, and others again that Nobody could ever think of, who Travels in the *Common Road of Thinking*.

I look upon your Observation on the *Colours of the Skin* to be one of the first Class, and altho' it pass'd among the *Physick Writers* unobserv'd, yet 'tis as old as the *History of Tom Thumb*, which * a certain Author has hinted, is of great Antiquity, and mentioned your self among the many *Antiquarys* who concur'd in his Sentiments. The *Doctor*, who steer'd this little *Hero in his Procedure for a Cure*, upon his Deathbed, brings with him, I suppose, not only the *Feather* and other *Utensils* of his Order, but a *Perspective Glass*, that by the *Appearances of his Complexion*, he might discover the *Real Instrument of his Ails*, and be let deep into the *Condition of his Patient*. The Poets Words are these,

*He being Slender and Tall,
The cunning Doctor took
A fine Perspective Glass, with which
He did in Secret look.*

The

* Vide Comment upon the *History of Tom Thumb*.

The Hue and Sully of the Skin proceeding from the very Principles that are the Causes of Diseases, if we could get a Perspective, according to this Hint, we might see undoubtedly those very Causes, and the Origin of all the Conflicts, Colluctations, Emotions and Attacks that are carried on within Us. For, tho' a Man is not Crystal, as You say, or Transparent like a Glass Bee-Hive, yet, by this Microscopical Contrivance, both the Giver and the Taker of a gentle Purge, might behold the Havock and Ravages it makes. I have heard my Grand-mother, I remember, who was a Matron of great Veracity, as well as Penetration, and who, if I may be allow'd to speak it of so near a Relation, had a Readiness in dissecting the Trypal Viscera, beyond any of her Profession ; I have often heard her, I say, remark that the Life of many a Poor Mulchin had been shortned by the unseasonable Use of Lenients, and the Ignorance of the Leech. I have heard her talk of the Ravages committed there, I have seen her produce the Extraneous Adhesions and Caruncles of the Plicæ of the Intestines, and I mention this, Sir; not only because she confirm'd your excellent Observations to a Tittle, but to shew that Old Mother Tripe, who was

the First who rais'd our Family, had a Genius, for *Abdominal Anatomy*, superior to any of the *Auspices*, I meet with in the *Roman History*.

It was, Sir, by your Skill in this Kind of *Augury*, wherein the Rest of the Faculty are altogether ignorant, that you hit the Case of Mr. V. O. the Attorney. For no body can believe you would take the Advantage of his *Obesity*, that you had so little Business as to want a Patient, or that you would act a Part so villainous and dishonourable, as to confine a Gentleman to his Bed when nothing was the Matter with him. Mr. O. indeed fancy'd himself well, but that was nothing to the Purpose, You saw the *Turmoile* which the *Salts* would quickly have irritated in his Blood, and that a *Weeks Preparation* of *Clinic Medicine*, with a *Vomit* or two, was necessary to *disentangle* them, and to obviate the Distemper : And it was but an ill Requital, it must be acknowledg'd, for the *Goodness* and *Humanity* you had shewn to him, for the same Gentleman to be immediately Instrumental in loading You with Reproaches, and branding on you the *Scandal* of a *Pick-pocket*. But I am afraid, Sir, in the Course of his Illness, you might forget that *necessary Caution*

Caution, that Masterpiece of a Physician, as You term it, to steer his Passions, which broke out afterwards so impetuously, and like a Torrent, upon your Reputation.

If any one might conjecture your Designs by what you write, he would believe you have no other Interest but to do all the Good you can, and that without *Fee or Reward*. And, I am sure, you are so far from the Slander Mr. O. would insinuate, that you ever visited the *Poor* for Nothing, or for a very inconsiderable *Fee*. Mrs. *Hatwell* in *Cock-Lane* is a late Instance of your Tenderness in this Particular, whom you attended four Times in Person, for the Sum of *Two Shillings per Visit*; That, had the Woman lived in the utmost part of *Germany* or the North, she could never have had the Advice of the *Medicasters* of the Country at so trifling an Expence, as here she had in the greatest City of the World, from a Physician of the greatest Eminence.

Yet, between Friends, tho' I give these Reasons oftentimes in Publick, I am obliged as often to perswade the Rich, that they are Sick, and to take all the Money I can find in the Pocket of the Poor. For as I cannot keep my *Black*, my *Tumbler*, nor my *Zany*, without a little Management and

Cunning, so I am perswaded, tho' your Pretences to Practice may be great, that your *Horses* and *Equipage*, like mine, must be supported now and then, both in *Hay* and *Oates*, by your Dexterity of making Busines.

But the *Biliose Salts* being *detach'd* into the *Flexors* and *Extensors* of your Fingers, may make you extend and clinch them *involuntarily*, and so oblige you to take Money of the *indigent*, whom, if your *Cogitation* was consulted, you ought to give Advice to out of Charity. For this is not only a Distemper, which I my self, and many of the *Faculty* have been afflicted with, but 'tis almost *Epidemical* in the *Temple* and *Inns of Court*, and I hardly ever knew an Eminent Lawyer in my Life-time, that, sometime or other, had not been *attack'd* by these *Paroxysms*: And, if a Vomit would as easily disgorge a *Fee* as it will discharge the *Salts* and Eradicate the Distemper, it would be of wonderful Advantage to some of his Majesty's good Subjects. Nay, the Gentlemen concerned would find the Benefit of this Remedy; for, as the *Protuberance of the Back or Breast* may be Horizontally levell'd by it, so the *Crookedness* of their Dealings, and the *Gibbosity* of their Practice would be rendred strait

strait and upright in the Sight of the Honest
and the Wise.

The Fraternity of *Pick-Pockets*, which was the Rise of Mr. O. Reflections upon You, labour also under an *Indisposition* of this Kind, and tho' the Remedy administered by the Government is something rougher than our *Emetic*, 'tis not near so efficacious. It is surely the highest Imperfection in our *Laws* and *Constitution*, to send so many of our most *hopeful* British Youth to *Tyburn*, when, if they were entrusted to your Care, they might be assured of Success for a little Trouble and Expence. 'Tis the Distemper, and not the Malice and Intention of the Lad, which commits the Robbery ; and, *the Salts being too much engaged on the Muscles and Tendons of the Hand, they have but little Liberty to assist in the Affair of Cogitation.*

'Twas owing, I am satisfy'd, to this *Convulsive Grasp*, that your *Amanuensis* was lately taken upon the *Road*, or the *Custom* at least that you taught him in his younger Years, of stealing *innocently* from *Steno*, *Sylvius* and the best *Authors*, embolden'd him, in a more advanc'd Age, to venture upon *Thefts* more *bazardous* and *unseasonable*. However, Sir, he may hope, I presume, that You will have

no indiscreet Shew of Concern for him in his last Hours, and when, neither a Vomit nor your wholesome Admonition can be longer serviceable, his Exit may be adorn'd with a Speech of your own Penning, which will so affect the Ears of the Audience, that every individual will seem as much a dying, as if the Halter was about his Neck.

There are none indeed, but you *Men of Letters, and Retainers to Philosophy*, that are capable of departing in this Manner; for, in the common sort of People, as the *Triple Tree* approaches, the *Salts* are commonly so far vitiated, as to bring on a *Chagrin, Melancholly, or Sorrow, or profuse Weeping, and sometimes profuse Laughing*, as in the Case of *Shepherd*. The *Passions become exorbitant, and are attended with Phenomena that are not Genuine and Usual, there is a greater Disposition to Anger, as Mr. Lorrain has frequently experienc'd, and perhaps to Fear or Grief*; till at length the Circulation of the Blood meets a final Interruption from *Mr. Ketch's Ligature*. In short, Sir, the *Salts* in this Case are *Hot, Sharp, penetrant, Active, and in Emotion, and the Symptoms, You have described, bear so well the Test of Nature, that every One must stand amaz'd at your Sagacity and Stupendous Knowledge, who is acquainted with*

with the *Impartial History* of the most Notorious Highwaymen and Foot Pads.

But, I had almost forgot to take Notice, that this *Confus'd Perception*, is the peculiar Property of the *Human Race*, and that the *Dog*, with some other *Quadrupeds*, seems so far from *any Hurry or Perturbation* of this *Nature* when he is going to be hang'd, that one would be inclined to think he had no *Bile*, or that his *Cogitation* was not irritated by this *Principle*. And that Common receiv'd Notion both in *Newgate* and other Places, That a Man, whose *Passions* are the most *Exorbitant*, dies the most like a *Dog*, is so far from being true, that, on the contrary, he who carries with him a sort of *Gallows Bravery*, and bears the Sight of the *Executioner* without the least *Emotion*, may be more aptly compared to that *Animal* in his *Exit*.

There are another *Class* of Men, call'd in *Prussia* by the Name of *Ink-biters*, that may be accounted for by your *Hypothesis*, and are of greater Use or *Annoyance* to the Publick, than any of the aforementioned, according as the *Salts* are variously diffused into the Head or Fingers. If they are regularly *detach'd* into the First, they concur to the *Moulation of the Brain*, and the *Exertion of the Senses*, tho' it

it must be own'd those Authors are but few, whose *Cogitation* is placidly excited throughout their Works without any Interruption. But the Generality are only affected in the Latter, and are known to write as much without Thinking, as that *Creature of Garrulity* may be said to *Mimic You*, when he calls a *Coach*, or a *Cup of Sack*, for *Poor Poll*.

The true *Scribendi Cacoethes* therefore may be defin'd to be an *Involuntary Propensity in the Hand to write something, without any Manner of Regard to the two Circumstances, what, or wherefore.* I am sorry to see it, I confess, so *Epidemical* among our selves, for besides Dr. *Partridge*, Dr. *Case*, and Dr. *Salmon*, who are dead and gone, I could mention the *Drawer up* of Mrs. *Clerke's Case*, and some considerable *Mercantile Physicians* now living, who are much affected with it. To call their Works, the *Labours of the Learned* would be entirely improper, because there is for the most Part, in such Performances, a Freedom and Currency of *Stile*, and an empty Fullness of Expression, without any Thing *Elaborate*.

As there is a Pleasure of scratching, even in the *Itch it self*, so I am at an uncertainty whether a Man of common Sense, if he weighs maturely all the Symptoms of this

Distemper, would wish to be entirely without it.

For there is, in this Case, such a Readiness in the Thumb and Fingers, that I have seen a Person dispatch a *Volume* of Three hundred *Pages* in a very little Time, and be as *plump* afterwards, and *sleek* in Countenance, as if he had been *eating and drinking* all the While. Whereas, as you judiciously observe, had his Thoughts been *Intense*, as in you *Scholars*, and Men of vast Capacities, they ought to be, he had been in the last *Stadium* of a *Phtisis* and *Ema- ciated* beyond the Recovery of a *Vomit*.

But if an Authors Cogitation and his Fingers go hand in hand, If I may so express my self, and sometimes the Salts are predominant in One, and sometimes in the Other, his Dissertation will, like your Theory of the Earth, abound with Hills and Dales, and a Variety of Prospect; several beautiful Digressions, several variegated Conceits, several pretty Inadvertencies will arise, which will give Refreshment to the Reader, as well as to the Author.

Thus the same Performance, contrary to the musty Rules of Horace, may contain a State of Physick and Diseases, and an History of butter'd Applepye and Custard. Nay, the

D very

very Man, who proves our *Microcosm* to be Subject to the *Depredations* of the *Bile*, may shew that *Atheism* and *Impiety* are imported from the *Indies*, in the *Form of Tea*, and ride Triumphant thro' the World in an *Equipage of China*. Thus the *gravest* and *wisest* Person, may appear sometimes the most *refined Coxcomb*, as well as the *most scurrilous*, tho' a Man of Learning, the *most Illiterate Pretender* to it, and stuff a Volume with such *Trite* and *Trivial Observations* even in *our own Art*, that a Physician will despise, an Empiric only read with *Patience*, and none but a Nurse admire, or attempt to imitate. However, this is to be remembred that, whatever *Contradictions*, *Blunders*, *Falsities* or *Digressions* an Author may commit, thro' too great an *irregularity* of the *Salts*, he is easily to be excused, or if his *Deductions* are not clear to every Body, which you confess to be your own *Case*; for I don't question but, while you was Writing some Parts of your late *Treatise*, that your Brain might step aside, to unload your *Cogitation* of its Excrement, to direct the *Oeconomy* of your *Knicknackitarian*, or *Domestic Animals*, to take care of your *Toad*, or your *Butterfly*, or the *Shooing* of your *Horses*.

I my self, I must confess, tho' I proposed stedfastly to treat of this Distemper *in my Title Page*, have, you may perceive, let it slip hitherto unawares, and perhaps, if I should again pursue the *Dictates of my Hand*, I shall be altogether Silent of it. For to have these *Paroxysms* of want of Thought, these *lucid Intervals* of Absence, is a necessary Qualification of a *Great Writer*; and a Man, who goes on in a *continued Train* of bright *Notions*, will only please those who have an *Identity of Idea*, and are *just as Wise* as himself.

But, without recurring to this *Involuntary Motion of the Fingers*, 'tis easy to imagine how the *Cogitation* itself may be alter'd and perverted, by a little *Error in Diet*, or concurring with the *present Modes of Living*. I have known an Author set out with all the *Principles of Christianity* about him, and, before he has run half the Length of his Discourse, has been converted into *downright Atheism* by a *Dish of Tea*, and stagger'd in his *Faith* by the wicked *Insinuation of a Punch-Bowl*. I have known another, with all the *Candidness* and good *Humour* in the World, by only dining now and then at the *Pastry Cooks*, become the most *Morose* and *Snarling*,

the most obstinate and abusive Miscreant, which at length concluded, as you hint, in a general *Doltishness and Stupidity*: I have seen a Third, by pampering himself in *seasoned Meats and Sauces of high Savour*, or by dealing immoderately in *Deserts*, and the *Ware of the Confectioner*, grow *Needy, Desperate and Enterprizing*, as full of *Ambition, Resentment, Pride and Faction* as he could hold, and, if he had a Fancy to be knuckle-deep in Pen and Ink, then nothing but *Treason, or Heresy, calente causa*, flow'd from him.

Mr. Durfey, in his *Dame of Honour*, has well distinguished between the Modes of living in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth and the Luxury of the present Times; and for my Part I despair of better Days till the Taverns, the Alehouses and the Pastry-Cooks decrease, and the Venders of Coffee, Tea and Chocolate are no more among us. Would once the Simplicity and Abstemiousness of Chop-House Eating come in vogue, we might expect to see an happy Union among Protestants, and the Seeds of Animosity, Contention and the Small-Pox never vegetate, or repullulate for the Future. But, such is the Pomp and Magnificence of our Meals, that a Man, who would dine only for the Sake of his Health, must steal, *in cognito*,

cognito, into those *Houses of Temperance* for fear of Scandal and Reflection ; and I cannot but commend your honest Policy in picking your Teeth and complaining of the Fulness of your Stomach, and the Elegance of the *Archbishop's Dinner*, tho' the Person, to whom you open'd your Uneasiness, had unluckily seen you regaling on a *Chop of Mutton*.

The ancient Custom of feeding School Boys with *Plumb-Cake* and *Applepye*, is certainly of the most pernicious Consequence, and has been the *Procatartic Cause* of all the Divisions, Distempers and Rebellions that this Nation has unfortunately experienced ; and I have often wonder'd that Mr. *Lilly* in his *Monita Pedagogica*, commonly call'd *Qui Mihi*, should never give, among those Precepts of correct Deportment, a Caution against this Diet, as if it was of no more Importance to the Youth, than the *washing his Face or his Hands, the saying his Prayers or his Lesson, or the Writing his Exercise without blotting*. Whereas all the Battles and Bloodshed of the School, come from this Kind of Feeding, and 'tis in vain to inveigh against a Boy being quarrelsome with his Play-Fellows while he is glutted and indulged in this Liberty. 'Tis to this likewise that the *Barbarity* of the English, the

the fighting of Prizes, the baiting of living Quadrupeds, and the throwing at Cocks on Shrove-Tuesday may be attributed, and, had you not been fill'd with this Diet in your Youth, you had never been expell'd the Royal Society for your Insolence or ill Manners, which I am sure are not *natural* in your Constitution.

In short, Sir, no sooner did the Romans come to feed on these *made Dishes*, but their Courage and Resolution, and all the Virtues of the *Intonse Cato* and their *Daring Ancestors*, began to melt and to dissolve, like *Anchovies* in a Sauce, and to dwindle till their whole Empire was Devour'd at a Meal, by the *Goths* and *Vandals*. *Apicius Cælius* has done more Mischief by his *Opsoniis, and Condimentis Veterum*, than *Arrius* and all the Ancient or Modern Hereticks put together; and, had we never seen nor heard of him, it had been happy for our Establishment both in Church and State. For 'tis the *Fire of the Cook* that sets the *Bile* in *Agitation*, and occasions the *Inflammatory Commotions and Disorders* you have treated of, and when the *Fire of the Chymist* is added to it, the Patient may be reckon'd justly to Escape, *as à revés*; - which, our *Parson* tells me, is so far from the

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Interpretation you put upon it, as if a Ridicule on the Sacred Writer, that 'tis a Phrase in many of the *Classicks* for a narrow Escape, and that some of the *Roman Catholick Divines* have brought the very Text as an Argument for *Purgatorial Purification*. I am afraid, my Friend, that the Person who construed it for you, had either a Design to expose you, or was as Ignorant of the Language as your Self; However, as it border'd on Divinity, and as a *Lambeth Doctor*, you did well to Animadvert on it; and I hope the *Chaplains* will not be backward in returning their Acknowledgments, and in recommending you as *Physician* to such Clergymen, who have the best Preferments in his Grace's Gift.

But, when you were enumerating the many evil Consequences of *Intemperance*, you forgot to mention any thing of the Distemper of the Ancient *Sodomites* and *Romans*, and some of our Neighbour Nations, which seems to have its Source from these Causes: And, tho' the *Socratic Clyster* is undoubtedly a Crime, yet I would put it to a *Casuist* how far it might be allowable when *Physically apply'd*, especially by a *Wise and Discreet Professor* of our Art

*Art, who will not leave it to others, but su-
perintend the whole Affair himself.*

Could we always make a due Use of the common Vices and Mistakes of Life, the Ends and Purposes of Living would in Reality be better answer'd, and turn to our Advantage. Our *Earlier Parts* of Education, together with an *Exuberance of the Bile* have made us frequently thrust our selves into Families who never sent for Us, have an Understanding with my *Lord's Gentleman*, or *Mrs. Abigail*, undertake Cases we our selves were convinc'd in Conscience were *incurable*, and cure only such *Lusory Diseases*, as existed in the *Imagination of the Patient*, and our own *delusive Impositions*.

This, however, succeeded happily enough, but the same *Assurance* has been attended now and then with some little Inconvenience. For too positive a Dialect among the Men of Fashion, by woeful Experience we have found, is productive of the *Action of the Arm*, or of that Sort of *muscular Motion*, call'd *Kicking*, which, I dare averr, proceeds from *Salts* very *acerb* and *acrimonious*, and more commonly from the *Froath and Bubbles of the Tongue*, than from any other *Bubbles* whatsoever. Hence that common

common Observation that You have pass'd; or, as the Vulgar term it, been kick'd thro' more Families than any One of the Faculty, and the Case of Lady Anne Grey, however faithfully represented, is the last, they say, of that Noble House, which will appear in the *History of your Cares.*

When Mrs. Clerke's Advocate was last among Us, he was pleas'd to carry me home with him one Day, and entertain Me with a curious Dissertation on the Tongue, till I perceiv'd the Froath and Bubble of his own Organ, to arise in too great a Quantity to proceed. In a Tongue and Udder, we had before Us, he shew'd how the Salts play'd on the Papilla Nervea, and irritated them, either to Mastication or Deglutition, to the Eating Beef or Bag-pudding; or to the forming a Redundancy of Words, and a Serene Exuberance of something neither Good nor Bad. If the Salts were Saccarine, he said the Voice was sweet like Nicolini's, or squeekingly agreeable, like our Friend Dr. W—wards; but, if upon the Bitter, or the Acid, then the Person was vers'd in the Ora-
tory of Billingsgate, his Language was as hard as an Oyster-Shell, and he abounded in the same opprobrious Appellations and Reptility of Nonfence, as the Author of the Triumvirate. If they were Illegitimate and Unnatural, he de-

monstrated that they would obtrude Supposititious Suggestions, impose on the Organs of Sense, form Sounds and Voices, that were not Real, and in short, force the Tongue to utter the most abominable Lies. If the Phlegm was crass and viscid, he observ'd that the Falshood was veil'd under a specious shew of Truth, but if the Salts were Urinoas and Ammoniac, 'twas Naked and Notorious, and smelt by all the World. He made very excellent Reflections on the various Colour of the Tongue, in the Small-Pox, and both He and I agreed that your Notions of that Disease were Emphatically Self-Evident, founded on the Wisest Aphorisms of your own, and on an Experience which no-body was Master of, but your Self.

'Tis certain that the Small-Pox is an Epitomy of all Distempers, past, present and to come, and there is hardly any one Symptom, as you say, that offends Human Nature, that does not either precede, attend or follow it. So that whoever is duly appris'd of this Distemper, is capable of curing all, and if he can get Intelligence where the Biliose Salts reside and retreat in greater Numbers and Detachments, he may then chase them as they shift from Place to Place, and as the Organs successively dispatch them, till at length he represses their Insults and Extirpates them. That the Tumults of these Salts are the Causes of this Catholic Disease, or rather this

this *Complication of all Maladies*, I do not question, but whether *Hippocrates* believ'd the *Phlegm* and *Bile* to be the Origin of Diseases, I make a *Quare*: For the Greeks of our Parts inform me, he was so far from being tied to any *Principles* of *Philosophy*, that he was intirely indifferent, and never regulated his Practice upon that narrow Basis. What, he says, they tell me, in another Place, is no Argument against his Practice in his *Epidemics*, for, in some Places, he talks of the *four Elements*, as his established *Principles*; in others, of the *Atomical Hypothesis*, sometimes with the Old *Methodists*, of the *Texture of the Body*, the different *Conformation of the Parts*, and *Configuration of the Pores*. And you might, as easily have found, they say, a *Text of Scripture*, as a *Passage* in the *Divine Coan*, to have proved the *Use of Oyls and Vomits* among the *Jews*, and that the *Beach-Mast Project* was predestinated from the Beginning of the World, to be discovered, in this our Time, for the *Universal Benefit* of this Nation. Besides they add, there are several *Supposititious Writings* foisted in his Works, that it is difficult to distinguish the *spurious* from the *Genuine*, and your *Quotation-Monger*, who never read the Whole, has dealt pretty much among the Latter, and proceeded, without either Fear, or

Wit, in those Scraps of Greek, which embellish and adorn your Margin.

I know, my dearest Doctor, that you are a trusty Trojan, and always bore an avow'd Enmity to the Greeks, notwithstanding the Story of your Greek Pen; And, altho' your Ostentation of such Paragraphs that are unintelligible, both to the Reader and to your self, looks deceit, and makes you appear like a *Man of Learning*, yet you should have been a little Cautious how you got beyond your *Depth*, among your Enemies, and especially when you confess'd lately that, thro' a *Disuse*, you were utterly disabled to *Converse* in those Territories without a *Lexicon*.

But these Peccadillos are excusable, and your artful Management in treating the Small Pox, your Objections against *Purging*, and your own Discoveries, have sufficiently mortify'd the *Regulars*. You have plainly prov'd, almost in every Page, that none but You and I, and those of our Fraternity or Education, are *Discreet* or *Prudent*, or duly appris'd of *Matters* of this Moment: You have jac'd them down, that they are talkative, Ostentatious, thoughtless *Animals* and *Idiots*, defective in real *Knowledge*, in *natural Philosophy*, in *Medicine*, and in *Anatomy*, which was never more Studied, or better Understood amongst Us; and that *Physicians* never think alike in *Consultations*.

tations, because they unanimously differ from us. You have discover'd plainly, that when any of your Patients dy'd, which very few have done, there was a Reason to be given for it, but if they escap'd, then your Oily Method and your Vomit was apply'd in the very Nick of Time, and you was an Heroe equal to Hercules and Theseus. You have shew'd, on the other Hand, that Their Patients generally dy'd, but, if they happen'd to survive, it was not owing to the Prowess of their Prescriptions, but the Work of Time and Chance, the Kindness of the Season, and the Goodness and Constitution of the Youth. Nay, even in the Case of Mr. Bryan, never any People were better manag'd; for, tho' you allow that the Vomit took a Turn downwards, and, by purging him, made Way for his Rescue and Recovery; yet you shew them that in this Case, the Passage thro' the Guts was free and open, which they never found in any of their Patients. But, however, you conclude at last, if it favour'd their Hypothesis of Purging, that you'll defy them boldly to make all the Advantages they can of it. 'Tis an Argument of Weakness and Want of Understanding to acknowledge we are in the Wrong, and 'tis an over modest Sort of Sheepishness, never to be forgiven, not to persist in it, even after we are convinced.

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But you never Puzzled and Bamboozled their purging Method so effectually, as by your accurate Calculation of the Bills of Mortality, and by demonstrating how the Numbers of the Deceas'd in this Disease are augmented, for these last eight Years, in Comparison with the former. For, as few of them are appris'd, even of the common Rules of Arithmetick, by this, I hope, they will be convinc'd of the Advantage of being educated Accomptants, which they have so haughtily despis'd, and that it is of more Importance to be vers'd in the Ledger-Book of the Moderns, than in the Writings of the Ancients. Besides, as they are acquainted little with the History of Diseases, they are the less capable of detecting the Falacy, you have put upon them : They will forget to tell you that the Small Pox from the Kind that rages, and many other Properties and Accidents, is, in Spight of all the Methods of Practice, always more severe in one certain Space of Time than in another, and that your City is prodigiously increas'd both in Buildings and Inhabitants.

Again, you are so extensive in your Manner of reprehending, all the Cases they have given, that they can never evade or answer it : They are as, you say judiciously, either too Long, or too Short, too Clear

or too Confus'd, no matter which ; made upon People Improper, or Unfit, at a Time Unseasonable, or in a Word, are Cases you cannot like, or could wish were better told. Whereas the Cases, or rather the Persons, you mention, are *Lady Ann Grey, Lady Glenorchy, Mrs. Mawson, Mr. Watlington, Mrs. Kath. Long, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Roberts* ; who had the Small Pox, at what Time, Age, Month, or Season, or in what Country, or whether Concurrent or Distinct, we cannot tell. This we know they recover'd, or were cur'd by a Vomit, or something else, and were People worthy to be mention'd if we never hear of them again.

The Bodies of the Commonality are made, in my Opinion, of too gross a mould to be Philosophis'd on, and, in our College Lectures, Sir, you pursu'd wisely another Method, and made your observations wholly on the Carcasses of the Great ; and, if, in this Performance, you had Knighted Mr. Bryan, or Mr. Roberts, or made a Brace of Ladies of Mrs. Mawson, or Mrs. Long, your Practice would have had a better Sound, have and been more Significant and Considerable.

But of all these, *Lady Ann Grey's Case* Clear, who had it, and had it not, is something singular and extraordinary, but agreeable both

both to Nature, and to Reason for the Pimples which an understanding Nurse, and the whole Family agreed were the Small Pox, by the Administration of the Emetic, disappear'd, and never since recurr'd, and perhaps never will. And altho' some People imagine, that you may as well Eradicate the Seminium of Original Sin, as the Small Pox, yet I can assure you that often-times, by exhibiting a Vomit to a new-born Infant, I have cut off all Supply and Seed of it, and rendred it impossible for the Distemper ever to recur.

To find a Method of inoculating them, as in Turkey, or of throwing them upon the Glutæi, as some pretend, may answer perhaps in some Measure, but such a Practice I am speaking of, and which you manag'd so discreetly in the last Case, would give a total Stop to the Distemper, and Posterity would never know it, but by Hearsay.

But out of the innumerable Examples you can furnish us, I wonder you have selected none from the Neighbourhood of Gresham, who are your constant Hearers, while in Health, and Daily Edify by your Erudition and discreet Comportment. The grave Matron who had Lodgings in Mr. M—'s Chambers, serv'd Correction for her Indecency in repudiating your Medicines, and you was

was in the Right to endeavour her Expulsion, for running out of her own College for Advice. For there is a Sort of Parochial Communion in Physick, which is Decent, Neighbourly, and ought to be observ'd, and the Whim of running after those, they never saw, for their Advice, is most pernicious to a Practitioner of a narrow District. Besides, 'tis Astonishing to suppose, were not the Woman's Ignorance declar'd, that a Man, whose Fame is so well establish'd in other Nations, among the Foreign Literati, and the Professors of the Universities abroad, should lose his Character at Home, and among those who are the best acquainted with his Deserts:

If she had indeed an Antipathy to Oyl, it may pass for a tolerable Excuse, and I cannot, I must own, but pity such, who, by an innate Aversion to this Catholicon, are debar'd of the greatest Blessing, Heaven has discover'd to us, for the Cure of our Ailments and Disorders. I entirely acquiesce, Sir, in your Opinion, That the Beginning of all Things, Good and Bad to the Body, are in the Stomach, and that, in all Cases, the Contents of this Organ must be cast up by Vomit, or bridled and repress'd by Unctious Medicines. If a Man has got the Chilblains, the Piles, or the Misfortune of a Clap, it is owing, I agree, to the Luggage and Lumber of the Stomach, and no-

thing but a *Vomit* can be Serviceable. Nay, in the Case of a *Fracture*, or a *Dislocation*, I have known it necessary, and you certainly proceeded upon solid Reasons when you put Sir H. E's Son into a *Course of Oyls and Vomits for a sprain'd Thumb*. In Sir R. St——le's Daughter the *Emetic* might operate perhaps too briskly, and cau'e the Thigh Bone to *break* again : However you was so well satisfy'd of the *good effect*, that you continu'd her Mother in the *same Course*, even to the Day she dy'd.

An *Emetic* certainly is a Remedy so preventive of all *evil Consequences*, that may happen to us, that I see no Reason why it may not be taken before we undertake a *Journey, or a Voyage*, for Fear of a *Fall from One's Horse*, or of being *Drown'd*, or any other Accident or Disaster. And, altho' a *Stick of Elder* is accounted infallible against *Galling*, or, according to the common Phrase, against *losing Leather*, when we Ride, yet a *Vomit* carry'd in One's Pocket, would be a more proper *Antidote* and *Æquipollent to the Reason and Intention of the Thing*.

But, it must be remembred that, in all Cases it is necessary, not only to evacuate the *Salts* but to temper their *Acrimony* by the Use of *Oyl*, that *Grand Alterant*. This *Benign and Amicable Medicine* is applicable; as you inculcate, at all times, in any Age, Person, or Constitution. If any one is *too Coffive*, it will Lubricate ; If *Laxative*, it will bind him ; If he has a *Suppression of Urine*, it will take it off ; If a *Diabetes*, it will stop it ; If his *Perspiration* is profuse, it will hinder it, if not at all, promote it. If he is *Lean and Witty*, it will make him *Doltish* ; if *Corpulent and Dull*, it will render him *Sprightly and Vivacious*. In short, it is neither

neither too Hot nor too Cold, too Moift, nor too Dry, nor Offensive to any of the *Non-naturals*; but *Carminative, Anodyne, Cardiac, Nervous, Lithontriptic, Vulnerary, Pulmonic*; a *Specifick* in all Distempers of the Stomach, Guts, Mefentery, Heart, Lungs, Liver, Spleen, Pancreas, Kidneys and Cerebellum, and in all other Di- stempers whatsoever. And yet, for all this, so Nice and Tickish, is this Remedy, that it is not to be given by any *old Woman, Quack, Apothecary, or Regular*, but, *Prudently and Dis- creetly*, by you and my self, and one or two more.

When you communicate your *Cases* to the World, I shall beg Leave to subjoin a few, which, together with your own, will put this *Method* out of all Dispute. I gave some *Oxymel* and *Ipecacuanha* lately to the *Fire-Eater*, whose Stomach, I had Reason to believe, might be very *foul* and *exuberant* in *Salts*, from his Way of *eating burning Charcoal*; but, on the contrary, I found that the *Oglio of Brimstone, Pitch and Tar* was *Uncious* in its Effects, and a sort of *Guard and Shelter* against the *Injuries and Corrofions both of the Charcolian and Biliose Particles*, and that the *Grand Secret* of this *Artist* consisted chiefly in the Order and Regularity of his *Dishes*. However, when you are drawing up your Book of *Cases*, I could wish you would write without your *Periwig*, for notwithstanding you conform your self to this Customary *Lumber of the Head*, yet you must allow that it *Incommodes, Embarrasses and Annoys the Brain*, and frequently occasions, as was lately your Case, the most Vexatious *Law Suits*, with the *Barbi, Tonsorian Fraternity*.

"Tis a great Discovery you have made, Sir, that no Disease is extirpated but by the Removal of the Cause; nor is your State of Death i· self, less remarkable than the State of Physick and Diseases. The Term of Life is doubtless measur'd out by the Number of the Lacteal Vessels, and tho' Dr. Byefield has asserted that Methusalem had the largest Mesentery, yet Adam's, when immortal, and before his Fall, must be disproportionately greater, and I much question whether Mr. Asgill may not bid the Fairest for the Largest of his Posterity.

As to our first Forefather, I am Positive he had no Bile, and am doubtful whether he had any Liver; however, as you know the Difference between the Antediluvian World, and this we now inhabit, as well as if You had been among the Former, I wish You would give us a Description of the Mechanism of Man in Paradise.

What You say of the Omentum and the Use of Fat, I find, by my own Constitution, to be true, and, tho' my Corpulency is apt to make Me border upon Stupidity, yet I find, I am not so much exposed to the Injuries and Corrosions of the Salts, but very Healthy and Oleose. It would be a great Disadvantage, when I mount my Theater, were not the Cellulae of my Membrana Adiposa and Omentum tolerably stuff'd, and if your Parts are never so Bright or Entertaining, yet, from the Meagreness of your Shape, you would be never able to arise to an Excellence in our Way.

If a Man could have my goodly Aspect, and bulk of Person, with your Head upon his Shoulders, it is impossible to Think what Proselytes he might gain to the Stage Itinerant: I had an Instance of it lately, for, upon my repeating your Proemium upon Diseases and Remedies, from my

my *Oratorial Eminence*, you can't imagine with what Acclamations, more than Usual, I retreated; and it was allow'd by all the Populace, that my *Style* was *unintelligibly Sublime*, which is the Beauty of our *Rhetoric*, and that I exceeded my Self in every Part of my *Harrangue*.

I know the *Regulars* express themselves with all imaginable Contempt of Us, and I heard one of them speak of You, t'other Day, with that Insolence in our *Coffee-House*, that, had not the Man himself been in too great a *Passion* to be convers'd with, I had sufficiently *chastis'd* him.

' He inveigh'd bitterly against those, who, as he call'd it, had betray'd the *Honour* of the *College*, by letting in such an Inundation of *Tinkers*, *Drapers*, *Dragoons*, and other *Tradesmen*, who were still *Mechanics*, as much as when they first set out, and you might, as well, he said, make *Mambrino's Helmet* of a *Barber's Basin*, as convey into them any tolerable *Idea* of their *Art*. They bring nothing, cries he, but Noise and Emptiness and Impertinence among us, and take up their Notions, as *Surreptitiously*, as their *Degrees*. As to Dr. *W—ward*, continues he, he knows nothing, either of the *Structure of the Body*, or the *Causes of Diseases*, but is *Vain*, *Conceited*, and *Pragmatical*, always in the *Wrong*, and always *Positive*; and his Notions are as much against the Dictates of *Common Sense*, as his Practice has been frequently repugnant to the Rules of *Common Honesty*. He stood once a Candidate for the *Hospital of Bethlem*, and they might as well Elected him a Patient, had he had *Sense* enoug' to have been *Mad*. All the Authors he has plunder'd are bound to Curse him, both as a *Felon* and a *Murderer*, for he has stole the

Brat,

' Brat, and destroy'd it in the Delivery. His
 late Performance, upon which he Prides him-
 self, is an eternal Jargon of Tautology, and an
 inconsistent Rhapsody of borrow'd Nonsense;
 and he may well defy the Faculty, for it
 is as impossible to be answer'd, as Tom Brown's
Declamation of Adverbs, or any other Piece of
Incoherence.

*At Vos interea venite ad ignem,
 Annales Volusi, cacata charta.*

He was going on in this abusive Manner, when *Apollo interpos'd in Form of Fee*, according to the Dispensary, and he retreated as hastily as he had spoke. In the mean time, I resum'd the Discourse with great Calmness, and said, the Gentleman was entirely mistaken in the Character of the Doctor, for I was bred at the same College with him, and consequently knew him better. One of them immediately interrupted me, by asking, in which of the University's, but, I seeming not to hear him, turn'd directly to two or three of our chief Burgomasters, who were intimate with Mr. T—*sh* the Vintner, of your City.

I know, says I, no two Men in the World more alike than Dr. W—d and your Acquaintance Mr. T—*sh*: There is the same Manner of Obliging, the same Gracefulness of Gesture, the same Quaintness of Address, the same Oyliness of Tongue, the same Suppleness in their Hams, and the same Singularity of Behaviour in them both. They are, each of them, at the Helm of their Professions, and if the One Dilates too Luxuriantly upon the Virtues of his Oyl the Other is equally as Rhetorical on the Qualities of his Claret. And to speak the Truth, notwithstanding the Gentleman's Reflections, Dr. W—d's Style

like Mr. T-*sh*'s *Wine*, will appear to every one, who has a *Taste* for either, to be *Clear, Deep, right, Strong, Sincere, and Pure, Sound and Dry*, and truly *Classical*.

Upon the Whole, Sir, I defended You so well, that all the Company seem'd to Credit my Account ; but, as I must expect to be treated ill, for my Intimacy with You, and this *Encomium* on your Writings, I have already prepar'd a *Pamphlet* that shall totally Demolish the Tripple Headed *Cerberus*. I fasted two Days before I begun upon it, that I might write in the *Keeneſt* and most *Vindictive* Terms ; for *Passion being seated in the Stomach*, as You well observe, I find, I am apt to be the most *Passionate*, when I am the most *Hungry*.

What I Design, is, by Way of *Letter* to the Fatal three-legg'd *Ædifice*, suppos'd to be wrote by a *Friend of mine* ; in which, he shall be unusually *Witty* upon those Sticks of *Wood*. He shall demonstrate, that the *First* has been an evidence to many a *dying Speech*, and *Penitential Psalm, Secundum Usum Sarum*, which deserv'd to be put in *Print*. That the *Second* and *Third* were hewn out of *Timber*, very improper for the *Posts*, they now enjoy, and a great deal more to the same Purpose.

When he has been thus extravagantly *Arch* upon them, and fool'd away his Time, he shall declare frankly, that he has no Design to Reflect on any one, that *Banter and Buffoonery, Drollery and Ridicule*, are not his Talent, as you may perceive, tho' a very early Way of Writing. He shall take Occasion farther to insinuate, that Dr. *Tripe*, has, in a serious Manner, wrote Letter to Dr. W—d, full of useful and important Discoveries, and kindly communicated it to

to the Public, as he dispenses his Medicines in his Travels, for the common Good of Mankind ; wherein, that his Packet may sell the better, he has judiciously found fault with other Mens Practice. That it is hard and invidious to be *hooted at, by School-Boys, for taking care of such a Valuable Jewel, as the Health of Man ; but that the Doctor had receiv'd such Treatment, formerly upon his Stage, till his Merry Andrew dissipated the Multitude, and he stood supported in his Reputation, both at Home and Abroad.* After this he shall propound some Questions to them concerning the *Bile, their Diet, the Zibethum Occidentale, the Aorta and the Use of Oyls and Vomits* ; to which he shall desire them not to *Shuffle or Bambouzel*, but answer directly, *as to their Catechism : A Specimen, I confess, tho' not a Parallel of the Proverb, that Balaam's Ass can ask more Questions than the Wisest of us all can Answer.*

He shall grow Sick at length, of such poor Stuff, and conclude that his Friend the Doctor is no Trader ; talk of selling Chalk and Gravel, that Asses have had Degrees at Lambeth, and other Places ; tell a Story of Colonel Birch, and shew, what I have done already. That Learning is to be got by kicking one's Heels against a Shop-board ; and that Dr. Tripe together with Dr. W——d, are the only Men, that have made Physick intelligible.

In short, in my Opinion, the *Bite* is good, will take effectually, and will make us look as if we had Friends and Admirers in the World,

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

A. Tripe

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